

NO PLAYS EXCHANGED

AMATEUR SERIES



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Mrs. Sullivan's Social Tea



T. S. DENISON & COMPANY
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Tony, the Convict, 5 acts, 2¼ hrs. (25c)	7	4
Trial of Hearts, 4 acts, 2¼ hrs. (35c)	6	18
Trip to Storyland, 1¼ hrs. (25c)	17	23
Uncle Josh, 4 acts, 2¼ hrs. (25c)	8	3
Under Blue Skies, 4 acts, 2 hrs. (25c)	7	10
When Smith Stepped Out, 3 acts, 2 hrs. (50c)	4	4
Whose Little Bride Are You? 3 acts, 2½ hrs. (50c)	5	5
Winning Widow, 2 acts, 1¼ hrs. (25c)	2	4

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publishers, 154 W. Randolph St., Chicago

MRS. SULLIVAN'S SOCIAL TEA

A ONE ACT COMEDY

BY

LAURA FRANCES KELLEY

^s AUTHOR OF

"The Enchanted Garden."



CHICAGO
T. S. DENISON & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

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MRS. SULLIVAN'S SOCIAL TEA

CHARACTERS.

- MRS. MARY ANN SULLIVAN*Newly rich*
MRS. BRIDGET SCANLAN*Her friend*
MAGGIE HOOLIGAN*A Poor Relation*
MRS. O'GRADY.....
MRS. FLANNIGAN
MRS. M'GOORTY
MRS. HANAHAN.....
MRS. SCAMMON
MRS. FLYNN
MRS. SHEA
MRS. MULLIGAN
HANS OLSON*English Butler*
SOPHIE OLSON*French Maid*

PLACE—*A Suburb.*

TIME OF PLAYING—*About Thirty Minutes.*

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES.

- MRS. SULLIVAN—Scene 1. A house dress. Scene 2: Evening gown and jewels.
MRS. SCANLAN—Black silk dress, no jewels.
MAGGIE HOOLIGAN—Plain suit and hat.
HANS OLSON—Waiter's suit, much too large.
SOPHIE OLSON—Maid's costume, neat black dress with white collar and cuffs, lace cap, apron.
The guests wear evening gowns and jewels. (Jewels may be paste.)

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JUL 10 1920

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no 1

STORY OF THE PLAY.

Mrs. Mary Ann Sullivan, whose husband has become wealthy through political influence, has moved into a fashionable suburb. She is giving a reception to a few society friends and has invited her friend and former neighbor, Mrs. Scanlan, from the "Avenah," to assist her.

Mrs. Sullivan has difficulty in training her servants, Hans and Sophie, as an English butler and a French maid, respectively. During the reception Maggie Hooligan, a poor relation, comes on an unexpected visit. Maggie is honest and wholesome and seeing how formal and unnatural her cousin and the guests are, resolves to tell a few family secrets and have some fun. Mrs. Sullivan is visibly ashamed and the guests are cold and extremely haughty toward Maggie.

In the end Maggie changes completely, announcing the astounding news that her mother has inherited an estate in Ireland and has become a Duchess. All coolness melts away and Maggie becomes a social heroine.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means right of stage; *C.*, center; *R. C.*, right center; *L.*, left; *1 E.*, first entrance; *U. E.*, upper entrance; *R. 3 E.*, right entrance up stage, etc.; up stage, away from footlights; down stage, near footlights. The actor is supposed to be facing the audience.

MRS. SULLIVAN'S SOCIAL TEA

SCENE 1: *The drawing room of the Sullivan home, Glenview. Comfortable chairs, small rugs on the stage. Telephone stand near L. entrance. A table with a lamp near R. entrance. Doors R., L. and C. The furnishings are a matter of taste and convenience. A tea-wagon and cups and saucers and cake plates are needed. Large pictures of Granny Hooligan and Mr. Sullivan adorn the wall.*

Enter R. MRS. SULLIVAN, crosses stage to telephone.

MRS. SULLIVAN. Maxwell 12040. Yes, sure this is toll. This is Mrs. Michael Sullivan, the Sewer Inspector's wife. Sulla- Sulla- Sulli-van. Oh, what number? Glenview 4000. No O-O-O, forty two O's. Are you crazy or what is the matter? Number four with three O's comin'. Oh, you will call me. Please be quick about it for this is Mrs. Michael Sullivan—oh, for mercy's sake she's rung off. (*Rises, walks toward center stage, pretends to bow and shake hands with imaginary guests.*) Good afternoon, Mrs. Flannigan, how well you're looking. Ah, Mrs. Mulligan, charmed, I'm sure. How sweet of you to come, Mrs. M'Goorty. (*Phone rings. MRS. SULLIVAN hurries to it, nearly tripping over rug.*) Hello. Is this Mrs. Scanlan? Blessed Day! But I had a time getting you. You are coming to the reception? You had better hurry, it's nearly time for the people to be coming now. Listen, dearie, yes, this is Mary Ann Sullivan talking. Wear your black taffety dress that was turned this spring. Wear your slippers and I'll lend you some silk stockings. And Bridget, whatever you do leave your brogue at home. Your brogue, Bridget. Now don't get offended. Sure it's out of date. I find myself using it when I'm off guard. What do I mean? This is Bridget Scanlan talking, isn't it? Isn't this Maxwell 12040? Glory! Mary Scammon! For Hivin's sake. Why didn't you tell me? (*Hangs up receiver, places hand to head tragically, exclaiming:*) And Mary Scammon is an awful gossip. (*Phone*

rings.) Yes. Oh, hello, Danny. This is Mrs. Sullivan speaking. Is your Ma there, Danny? Oh, she has. Well, then, she'll be here soon. Thank you, Danny. You must come out some time, Danny. What! Do I want the line all day? What do you mean by butting in this way? This is Mrs. Michael Sullivan talking. Oh, for mercy's sake, they have rung off. We are certainly getting terrible service. I'm glad that Bridget is on her way. But oh! what will Mrs. Scammon tell the neighbors! (*Rises, takes another seat, rings bell.*)

Enter HANS, R.

HANS. Halo.

MRS. SULLIVAN (*severely*). Hans, that is no way to address me.

HANS (*scratches head, stands first on one foot, then on other*). Ay don't know vat you say.

MRS. SULLIVAN. Hans, I wish you to go through a final rehearsal. Now, remember for this afternoon you are James, my English butler. James, bring in the tea-wagon.

HANS. You mean the oat-mo-bile? Mr. Sullivan, he hav the oat-mo-bile.

MRS. SULLIVAN (*impatiently*). No, that little cart with rubber wheels that stands near the buffet in the dining room.

HANS. Oh, ya-as. (*Moves toward L. entrance.*)

MRS. SULLIVAN (*recalling him*). James, come back, I was merely pretending.

HANS. Ya-as.

MRS. SULLIVAN (*rises and stamps her foot*). Hans, for the love of goodness! Don't stand there gaping, you will drive me distracted. You should bow stiffly and say, "Yes, my Lady; no, my Lady; very good, my Lady." Now see what you can do. (*HANS bows, flourishes arms wildly, repeats in sing-song voice:*)

HANS. Ya-as my Lady, no my Lady, va-ar good my Lady.

MRS. SULLIVAN (*despairingly*). For pity's sake, James, don't you understand? Try to repeat the names separately. You may go. Send Celeste to me.

HANS. Ay don't know her.

MRS. SULLIVAN. My French maid.

HANS. Ay don't know no French maid.

MRS. SULLIVAN. Stupid! Your sister, Sophie Olson. (*Exit HANS, L. MRS. SULLIVAN pacing floor with hands on temples.*) Ain't servants the awfulest? If it wasn't for society I'd bounce them, I would.

SOPHIE *enters L., walks slowly forward, faces MRS. SULLIVAN and audience with mouth open and vacant expression.*

MRS. SULLIVAN. What is your name, girl?

SOPHIE. Mrs. Sully-van my name bane Sophie Olson.

MRS. SULLIVAN. Haven't I tried to tell you all week that for this afternoon you are my French maid and your name is Celeste.

SOPHIE. Mrs. Sully-van Ay don't speak French.

MRS. SULLIVAN. That will not be necessary, only remember to use a French accent, and your name, you understand, Sophie, your name is Celeste. Hans, James, for this afternoon will open the door as the guests arrive and tell them to go upstairs. You will stand at the head of the stairs and say, "This way, please, Ma-dam. In ze Gold Room, Ma-dam." When it is time to serve, James will bring in the tea-wagon, and you Celeste will pass the cakes. You will say, "Sugar, Ma-dam? Ze lemon, Ma-dam? Maybe ze little cakes?"

(*Bell rings.*)

MRS. SULLIVAN. Sophie, quick, the door. It is Mrs. Scanlan. (*SOPHIE moves toward L. entrance. MRS. SULLIVAN recalling her.*) Celeste. (*SOPHIE pays no attention.*) Celeste! Sophie! (*SOPHIE turns.*) For the love of goodness, remember you are French.

SOPHIE. Ya-as Madam Sully-van. (*Exit SOPHIE, L.*)

Enter MRS. SCANLAN, L.

MRS. SCANLAN. The top av the mornin' to yez, Mary Ann. Am I late?

MRS. SULLIVAN (*hurries forward, embraces her*). Oh,

Bridget, I'm glad you are here. I called you up and Danny said you were on your way. (*Rings bell.*)

Enter SOPHIE, L.

MRS. SULLIVAN. Celeste, take Mrs. Scanlan's wraps upstairs and put them in the Green Room.

SOPHIE. Ya-as Madam Sullyvan, in ze Gold Room.

MRS. SULLIVAN. No, Celeste, in the Green Room.

MRS. SCANLAN (*laughing*). Sure, Mary Ann, the Green Room will be just right for the likes of me. (*Takes off coat and hat and hands them to SOPHIE.*)

SOPHIE (*turns to leave room*). Ya-as Madam Sullyvan. (*Exit SOPHIE, R.*)

MRS. SCANLAN. Where did ye find her, Mary Ann? Sure she was after talkin' the queerest lingo when she opened the door. And that hired man in the front yard. Glory be! He is yelling so loud to himself that the neighbors will hear him. Are ye runnin' a loonytic asylum, Mary Ann?

MRS. SULLIVAN (*sinking wearily into a chair and sighing*). No, Bridget, but ain't servants the awfulest? Keep-up with society, trying to outdo the neighbors, and teach Michael not to take his shoes off in company is almost too much for the likes of me. It's awful being rich, Bridget, just awful!

MRS. SCANLAN (*looking about the room and smiling*). I'd like to try it for a while, Mary Ann.

MRS. SULLIVAN. Take that easy chair and rest awhile, Bridget. How did you come? (*takes chairs down stage*).

MRS. SCANLAN. In me automobile. Didn't you see it stop in front of your door?

MRS. SULLIVAN. How wonderful! I didn't know you had a car, Bridget.

MRS. SCANLAN. I don't. It belongs to Clancy's.

MRS. SULLIVAN. Oh, I see! The Doctor Clancy's.

MRS. SCANLAN (*impressively*). No such style, Mary Ann. It was the truck belonging to the store Clancy's.

MRS. SULLIVAN (*half rising*). Bridget, did you stop here? What will the neighbors say?

MRS. SCANLAN. Don't take it that bad, dearie. It stopped at two beautiful homes in the next block. Tom Clancy, me own Terry's chum, had to deliver some furniture and try to collect from some of your neighbors who pay ten dollars down and the rest "when you catch me."

MRS. SULLIVAN (*eagerly*). Who are they, Bridget?

MRS. SCANLAN. Professional secrets!

MRS. SULLIVAN. Oh, I don't care, Bridget. I'm not the least bit curious.

MRS. SCANLAN. I see that ye are not, Mary Ann. Ye are a marvel among womankind.

MRS. SULLIVAN. Oh, never fear, Bridget, I'll find out some time. But do tell me all the news. How are all the Avenah people?

MRS. SCANLAN. The neighbors are about the same. No one is getting rich but the butchers, grocers, the doctors and the undertakers. Speaking of butchers, I hear that the Flannigans have moved out here.

MRS. SULLIVAN. Yes, but don't mention the butcher shop, Bridget. Mrs. Flannigan is on my calling list.

MRS. SCANLAN. If ye are sensitive, dearie, I won't. But if ye was starvin' for some round steak ye'd long for the time when ye took a market basket and went to Flannigan's.

MRS. SULLIVAN. No one likes to think of the past, Bridget. Let the skeletons rest.

MRS. SCANLAN. All right, Mary Ann. May ye never be haunted.

MRS. SULLIVAN. How are your family, Bridget?

MRS. SCANLAN. Fine, dearie. Scanlan's doing well with the business. Terry's had a raise and Danny's struggling with an eddycation. How are your family, Mary Ann?

MRS. SULLIVAN. The children are well and Michael's making money fast.

MRS. SCANLAN. Glory be! He's as smart as a counterfeiter. Do ye ever hear of the Hooligans, Mary Ann?

MRS. SULLIVAN (*raising her hand in protest*). Oh, Bridget, don't mention them.

MRS. SCANLAN. I suppose some of them will be hunting ye up before long.

MRS. SULLIVAN (*puts hand on chest and looks alarmed*). Oh, I hope it won't be Uncle Pat. He's a disgrace to the family. Or Maggie. There is nothing to say against her, but you know, Bridget, she will always be Maggie.

MRS. SCANLAN. Maggie's head's screwed on straight. I always liked her.

MRS. SULLIVAN (*rising*). Yes, we all liked Maggie. But come, Bridget, we will go and get some rye bread and tea. The people will be coming. You look awful nice, Bridget.

MRS. SCANLAN. Go long with yer blarney, Mary Ann. You are Granny Hooligan's own child. (*Exeunt R., arm in arm.*)

(*Curtain is lowered one minute to indicate the passing of half an hour.*)

CURTAIN.

SCENE II: *The same.*

Enter R. MRS. SULLIVAN, followed by MRS. SCANLAN.

MRS. SULLIVAN. Get in line, Bridget, quick. I hear them coming. (*They walk up stage, turn, face the audience with forced smiles.*) Bridget, hear me heart beat. I'm that nervous.

MRS. SCANLAN. Steady, Mary Ann. If it's inspiration ye want, listen to yer English butler.

HANS (*voice is heard outside in steady sing-song*). Ya'as my Lady; Va-ar good my Lady.

MRS. SULLIVAN (*lifting her hands tragically*). Ain't servants the awfulest?

MRS. SCANLAN. Courage, Mary Ann, remember you're a Hooligan. Sure ye can't be floored by an English butler.

MRS. SULLIVAN. Sh-sh, Bridget.

HANS *enters from L.*

HANS. They're acomin', Mrs. Sullivan.

MRS. SULLIVAN. James, open the door and bow the ladies in.

Enter MRS. FLANNIGAN, *L.*

HANS. Ya-as my Lady.

Enter MRS. M'GOORTY, *L.*

HANS. No my Lady.

Enter MRS. O'GRADY, *L.*

HANS. Va-ar good my Lady.

Enter MRS. HANAHAN, *L.*

HANS. Ya-as my Lady.

Enter MRS. SCAMMON, *L.*

HANS. No my Lady.

Enter MRS. FLYNN, *L.*

HANS. Va-ar good my Lady.

Enter MRS. SHEA, *L.*

HANS. Ya-as my Lady.

Enter MRS. MULLIGAN, *L.*

HANS. No my Lady.

MRS. SULLIVAN. James, close that door and go. Ain't servants the awfulest?

(Ladies advance and shake hands with MRS. SULLIVAN *and* MRS. SCANLAN.)

MRS. SULLIVAN. So glad to see you, Mrs. Flannigan. My friend, Mrs. Scanlan. Mrs. M'Goorty, Mrs. Scanlan. Mrs. O'Grady, Mrs. Scanlan. Mrs. Hanahan, Mrs. Scanlan. Mrs. Scammon, Mrs. Scanlon. Mrs. Flynn, Mrs. Scanlan. Mrs. Shea, Mrs. Scanlan. Mrs. Mulligan, my friend Mrs. Scanlan.

MRS. SCAMMON. Is this the Mrs. Scanlan you thought you were speaking to over the phone, Mrs. Sullivan?

MRS. SULLIVAN *(hesitatingly)*. Yes.

MRS. SCAMMON. Where have I seen you before, Mrs. Scanlan?

MRS. SCANLAN. In me automobile a half hour ago, dear.

MRS. SCAMMON *(looks startled, walks down stage. Speaks to* MRS. FLANNIGAN). Isn't the weather changeable?

Enter HANS, *L.* *Flourishes arms wildly.*

HANS. Mrs. Sullivan, some one at door say bane relative.

MRS. SULLIVAN (*placing hand on heart*). If it's Uncle Pat I'll drop dead in me tracks. (*Guests stop talking and look at her.*)

HANS. Va-ar good my lady. It's a lady. She bane cousin from Omaha.

MRS. SULLIVAN (*sinking in chair*). Glory, it's Maggie. If ye love me, Bridget, head her off.

(*Bell rings violently.*)

MRS. SCANLAN. James, me man, ask the lady to wait. (*Exit HANS, L.*) Take it aisy, Mary Ann. Remember you are a Hooligan.

MRS. SULLIVAN (*weakly*). So is Maggie. (*MAGGIE'S voice is heard outside.*)

MAGGIE. I'd like to see ye try to keep me out of me own cousin's house. (*Thud of something falling.*)

HANS. (*Voice heard off stage*) Ay bane kill you. Oh my toe, it bane broke. Ay bane kilt.

Enter MAGGIE, L. Laughs, places grip on floor.

MAGGIE. Sure I'm glad I planked me suitcase on your toe. It will give you something to think about.

MRS. SCANLAN (*walking up to MAGGIE, shakes hands with her*). Well, Maggie, how are you?

MAGGIE. Mrs. Scanlan, I'm glad to see your kind face. Sure I had a time getting here and if it hadn't been for me meeting Tim Clancy and him telling me about the neighborhood and the people, I'd have had a time finding the place. (*MRS. SCAMMON and MRS. FLANNIGAN exchange startled glances.*)

HANS (*looking in R.*). Ay try to keep her out Mrs. Sullyvan but I bane kilt.

MAGGIE (*starts to lift her suitcase*). Hey get out. (*HANS disappears. MAGGIE looking about*). Where is my dear cousin?

MRS. SULLIVAN (*rising from her chair and sinking back again*). Maggie!

(MAGGIE goes toward her, looks at her keenly, smiles, pats her on shoulder.)

MAGGIE. Oh, cousin, me own, I see yez are so glad to see me that ye are overcome. Are ye faintin', dearie, or holding your own wake? (*Puts hands on hips, looks beligerently at guests.*) It's a wonder some of the boarders wouldn't lend a hand and get ye a drink of water or some smelling salts. Wait, cousin me own, and I'll get the little green bottle out of my suitcase. (*Starts toward suitcase.*)

MRS. SULLIVAN (*rising hastily*). No, no, Maggie. I'm all right. I am giving a social tea to some friends. Ladies, allow me to present my cousin, Miss Hooligan from Omaha. (*Ladies bow stiffly, murmuring, "Miss Hooligan."*)

MAGGIE (*indifferently*). Howdy, girls. Don't let me cousin fool yez. She offered to present me to yez, but take it from Maggie I won't give meself away to any of yez until I get ready. (*Ladies laugh and look at each other.*)

MRS. SCANLAN (*putting her arm around MAGGIE*). Mrs. Sullivan, why don't you ring for the butler and have him take Maggie's bag upstairs?

MRS. SULLIVAN. Oh, Maggie, take off your hat and coat. What am I thinking of? (*Rings bell.*)

Enter HANS, L.

MRS. SULLIVAN. James, take Miss Hooligan's bag upstairs.

HANS (*looking fearfully at MAGGIE*). Ya-as my Lady.

MAGGIE. Here, Mr. Butler, take me hat and coat, and whatever ye do don't let that suitcase drop on yer toes. (*Exit HANS, L.*)

MRS. SULLIVAN. Maggie, his name isn't Butler. That is James, my English butler.

MAGGIE (*innocently*). Honest, Mary Ann?

MRS. SCANLAN. Come, Maggie, we will go upstairs so you can change your dress.

MAGGIE. Are there going to be any men here?

MRS. SCANLAN. No, dearie, I think not.

MAGGIE. Then what's the use of dressing up? No, thank

yez, Mrs. Scanlan, I'll stay as I am. (*Sits down.*) My, I'm glad to sit down. It's a long jump from the Avenah to Glenview. Don't ye find it so yerself, Mrs. Flannigan?

MRS. FLANNIGAN (*haughtily*). I don't know just what you mean, Miss Hooligan.

MAGGIE. It's so hard to explain. Can't ye tell her, Mary Ann. 'Tis yerself that has always said ye were eddycated. I'm only beginning to be. Don't look so surprised, dear cousin. It's only that I don't want to go out of the world as innocent as I came into it. I was speaking in metaphors, Mrs. Flannigan. The Avenah signifies hard work and little money and Glenview little work and much money.

MRS. M'GOORTY (*good naturedly*). Don't talk eddycation near me, Miss Hooligan. I get enough of that at home. Bernice is doing her best to eddycate the family. She says, "Ma, don't do this. Don't show yer ignorance. Ma, please teach Pa not to mistake his fork for a pick-axe." Says I, "That will do, me dear, that will do. If I hid me ignorance I wouldn't be honest, and if yer Pa hadn't learned how to use a pick-axe he wouldn't have discovered a silver mine, and where would ye be today?" No, thanks; when I go in society I want to stop thinkin' and rest.

MAGGIE (*laughing*). You are all right, Mrs. M'Goorty. (*Ladies look uncomfortable.*)

MRS. SULLIVAN. How are all the folks, Maggie?

MAGGIE. Foine, Mary Ann. Uncle Pat—has—

MRS. SULLIVAN (*hastily*). How is yer mother, Maggie?

MAGGIE. I was saying Uncle Pat—

MRS. SULLIVAN. Oh, I'm so anxious to see your mother.

MAGGIE. I was saying Uncle Pat is in mourning, he has lost a dear pal.

MRS. SULLIVAN (*looking relieved*). Oh, Maggie, who is it?

MAGGIE. John Barleycorn.

MRS. SULLIVAN (*in a distressed voice*). Maggie! (*Ladies look at each other and smile.*)

MAGGIE. Ma is well, Mary Ann. She is in the laundry business. Lucile is really talented in music. Speaking of music, Mrs. Scammon, I remember ye now. Ye kept a

milk depot on the Avenah and Mr. Scammon was a musical genius. He used to play the violin. (*She keeps time with one heel.*) Do ye remember the concert at O'Brien's Hall when Mr. Scammon played the violin and kept time with one foot and all the audience laughed. He was so mad he threw the violin out of the window and it missed hitting a policeman on the head. Them were happy times.

MRS. SCAMMON. Those ignorant people didn't appreciate high art.

MRS. SULLIVAN. Maggie, Marie Antoinette will be so anxious to see you.

MAGGIE (*raising her hands in horror*). Have yez gone and named me own little cousin, Mary Ann, Junior, after the poor unhappy French lady!

MRS. FLANNIGAN (*to MRS. SCAMMON*). Isn't she dreadful? I do pity Mrs. Sullivan.

MAGGIE. Mrs. Flannigan, I know ye now. I've been thinking Flannigan, Flannigan, a familiar face and a familiar name, and me unconscious mind has flashed to me conscious mind, Flannigan's butcher shop on the Avenah. They were happy days when round steak was ten cents a pound.

MRS. FLANNIGAN (*looking haughtily at MAGGIE*). I don't know what you are talking about, Miss Hooligan. (*Turns to MRS. SCANLAN, smiling.*) I suppose, Mrs. Scanlan, you know that Flannigan is an old English name.

MRS. SCANLAN. I know so little about names.

MAGGIE. Ye know a good Irish one when ye hear it, don't ye, Mrs. Scanlan?

MRS. SULLIVAN. Maggie, I know you must be hungry, I'll ring for tea. (*Rings bell.*)

Enter HANS R.

MRS. SULLIVAN. James, the tea-wagon. (*Exit HANS R.*)

MAGGIE (*getting up and looking at picture*). Well, if there isn't Michael in his first dress suit. Do ye mind, Mary Ann, how he rented it for a political banquet and he sneaked up the railroad track for fear some of the neighbors would see him. And if there isn't dear old Granny Hooligan.

Hello, Granny, may your soul rest in peace. You don't look natural without a pipe in your mouth.

Enter HANS, C., with tea-wagon, followed by SOPHIE with plate of cakes. HANS walks zigzag, falls, grabs chair leg to get up. SOPHIE puts cake plate on table, rushes to HANS.

SOPHIE. Oh, Hans, Ay help you up. You bane hurt, Hans?

MRS. SULLIVAN (*impatiently*). What do you mean, Hans? You might have broken my dishes. Here I am paying the likes of you to be English and all the joy I'm getting out of it will drive me crazy. To your work, girl.

(SOPHIE walks up stage to table, places cakes on upper shelf of wagon. HANS exits C. SOPHIE arranges cups and saucers on table in front of where MRS. SULLIVAN sits. SOPHIE passes cups to ladies and serves cakes, lemon, etc., from tea-wagon.)

SOPHIE. Sugar, Madam? Maybe ze lemon. Ze little cakes?

MAGGIE. This is very good chiny, Mary Ann. Was it a bargain?

MRS. SULLIVAN. No, dear. How absurd!

MAGGIE. These cakes are good even if there isn't much to them. Sure I'd rather be eating some corn beef and cabbage.

MRS. SULLIVAN. Maggie!

MAGGIE. Have ye a pain, Mary Ann? Your voice is full of agony.

MRS. SCAMMON (*to MRS. SHEA*). Poor, dear Mrs. Sullivan. (*To MRS. FLYNN and MRS. MULLIGAN.*) It must be awful to have relations that are not presentable. Yes, I'll have some more limon in my tea. I'dearly love limmons.

MAGGIE (*gets up, places her empty cup and plate on table, looks about room*). Nice furniture, Mary Ann. Is it all paid for?

MRS. SULLIVAN (*sighing*). Yes, Maggie, it is. (*MRS. FLANNIGAN and MRS. SCAMMON look at each other and smile.*)

MAGGIE (*watching them*). Well, why sigh about it, then? Let them do the sighing that's paying a dollar down. Now Tim Clancy told me—

MRS. FLANNIGAN (*hastily*). What lovely cakes, Mrs. Sullivan. No, no more, thank you.

MRS. SCAMMON. Really, it's been a charming afternoon. (MAGGIE *winks at* MRS. SCANLAN. SOPHIE *gathers up the dishes, places them on tea-wagon. Exits center door.*)

MAGGIE (*straightens her shoulders, smooths her hair, changes her manner completely*). Oh, Mary Ann.

MRS. SULLIVAN (*wearily*). Yes, Maggie.

MAGGIE. Can you go in town with me tomorrow?

MRS. SULLIVAN. Yes, Maggie.

MAGGIE. That will be splendid, for I have some necessary shopping to do and a little time to spend in town. We leave for Europe the first of the month. (*Ladies look at MAGGIE, stop talking.*)

MRS. SULLIVAN (*rising*). Maggie! Europe!

MAGGIE. Yes, Mary Ann. Didn't you get Mother's letter?

MRS. SULLIVAN. Why, no, Maggie. I haven't heard from her for several years.

MAGGIE. Well, that is strange. I have been so busy studying and have had little time to write. Then you haven't heard the great news.

MRS. SULLIVAN. Why, no, Maggie.

MAGGIE (*haughtily*). Lady Margaret, if you please.

MRS. SULLIVAN (*coming towards her*). What do you mean, Maggie?

MAGGIE. I mean, correctly speaking, that I am Lady Margaret Hooligan, eldest daughter of the Duchess of Kilcranie. Yes, the old Duke is dead and Mother is heir to Kilcranie Castle and the vast estate in Ireland. (*A change of demeanor is evident, the guests look amazed, then become friendly toward MAGGIE.*) You know Mother was the last branch of the family tree. (*Clasps her hands, laughing.*) Oh, we have so much fun at home. Mother says, "Lady Margaret, please peel the potatoes for supper. Ask the Honorable Lucile not to play the piano so loud.

it gives my grace the headache." Then I back out of her presence and say, "Dear Duchess, I am charmed to do your bidding."

MRS. SULLIVAN (*putting her arm around MAGGIE*). Maggie, I congratulate you. Ladies, this is my own cousin, Lady Margaret Hooligan.

MRS. FLANNIGAN. Oh, Mrs. Sullivan, I congratulate you. Anyone would know you belonged to the nobility.

(*All the ladies gather around MAGGIE effusively, all trying to shake her hand at the same time and all talking at once. This business goes on for about thirty seconds and is stopped by MAGGIE'S next line.*)

MAGGIE (*stiffly*). The noble blood is on my mother's side. Mary Ann is a Hooligan.

Enter SOPHIE, C.

SOPHIE. Mis' Sullyvan, a man bane on lawn. He bane taken pictures.

MAGGIE. Oh, let us all have our pictures taken. (*Exit SOPHIE, C.*)

MRS. SCAMMON. I will stand near Lady Margaret. Our complexions match so illigantly.

MRS. FLANNIGAN. I will stand near Lady Margaret, for we both have such fine figures.

MRS. SULLIVAN. Come, ladies, let us hurry. I will stand near my own dear cousin.

MAGGIE. Don't quarrel, ladies; don't quarrel. I've stood alone as plain Maggie Hooligan all me life and I can stand alone if necessary just as well when I'm Lady Margaret.

(*MAGGIE is at center of stage with the ladies ranged on either side of her and they all bow low as the curtain falls.*)

CURTAIN.

Deacon Dubbs

By WALTER BEN HARE

Price, 35 Cents

A rural comedy-drama in 3 acts; 5 males, 5 females. Time, 2¼ hours. One scene throughout, a farmyard, not difficult to set. A play of pathos, clean cut rural comedy, local color and a touch of sensation, making a truly great offering for amateurs. It is professional-like in construction, yet easily within the scope of any amateur society. The types are true to life, not exaggerated caricatures. The star role is a comedy old farmer, not the usual stage type of hayseed, but the real, genuine, kind hearted, wise old Deacon, a part as appealing in its way, as Uncle Josh Whitcomb, Nathaniel Berry or David Harum. The heroine, Rose Raleigh, the brave little school ma'am, is a strong, emotional part. A country boy and a Swede hired girl are great comedy parts; also a comedy old maid (almost a star part), tomboy soubrette. A finely drawn hero, character auctioneer, an excellent villain, etc. The characters are almost all equally good. A male quartet and a crowd of villagers will greatly add to the success of the play. A feature scene in each act: A country auction, a country wedding, a country husking bee. This play is a sure hit.

SYNOPSIS

Act I.—Rose Cottage on an afternoon in June. Yennie Yensen, the Swedish hired girl, wants to borrow some yumps and decides to bid on the hired man at the auction, as "he bane a purty gude looking feller." Miss Philipena arranges for the auction sale. Rose and Amos. "Out of the broken ruins of time fair blossoms grow, God's last amen is a white rose." The Deacon arrives from Sorghum Center, State o' West Virginny. "Ding, dong, bell, pussy's in the well." The farm is sold to Rose Raleigh for two thousand dollars. The defeat of Rawdon Crawley.

Act II.—Same scene, a morning in August. Wedding bells. "Happy is the bride that the sun shines on." Deuteronomy and Yennie bring wedding presents. Miss Philipena takes a nap with disastrous results. Yennie is scared. "Your face, it bane put on backwards." Back from the grave. "You are my wife. Take off that bridal wreath, that sparkling necklace." "Who is this man?" The Deacon arrests Rawdon Crawley.

Act III.—Same scene but a year later and in autumn. The husking bee. Songs and merriment by the villagers. "Rawdon Crawley has escaped!" "This is my punishment and my punishment is more than I can bear." The Deacon returns from New York. Miss Philipena and the fractious cow. The Deacon's nightmare. "Cork, cork, cork!" A wheelbarrow for two. The Virginia reel. The death of Rawdon Crawley. "We'll have a double wedding and for a honeymoon we'll all go down to Sorghum Center, State o' West Virginny."

Their First Quarrel

By CHARLES NEVERS HOLMES.

Price, 15 Cents

A comedy; 1 male, 1 female. Time, 15 minutes. A bit of glue, which has the appearance of chewing gum, underneath the seat of a chair—and "that's how the trouble began." A subtle bit of humor that will surely please. Could be played in a parlor without scenery.

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Clubbing a Husband

By EDITH F. A. U. PAINTON

Price, 25 Cents

Comedy in 3 acts; 12 females. Time, 2 hours. Scenes: 2 interiors. Plot: It deals with the society women of a small town, who start a club to promote feminine independence. An Irish wash-lady and a colored cook are admitted but become unbearable in manner upon being treated on equal terms. The rumor of one husband's sudden illness strikes terror to everyone and a letter proposing marriage to a man-hating old maid breaks up the initial meeting. The dialogue sparkles and there is many a pungent thrust at feminine ways but nothing that will offend. No better play for women's clubs.

SYNOPSIS

Act I.—A domestic tragedy. "I'll never marry a traveling man again—never, never, never!" "Enter big sister—exit husband!" Dr. Georgiana Jordan, who hates men "like microbes." "You shall all be no more slaves, but women!"

Act II.—The arrival of the down-trodden females. "I always say just whatever George says." Each has a point of view of her own. "A quilting-bee or a sewing circle was always good enough for me." The question of "clubbing" husbands is discussed thoroughly. "This is a movement like yeast. It has to work! It compels women to rise!" "The Club's the thing!"

Act III.—Bridget and Belle decide to "strike" early in the game. "Everybody works poor father!" The habit of "slavery" seems firmly rooted in the feminine mind. "Sambo—he am my man!" Maud makes a speech. "Down with the men!" "When the wives are away, the men will play." Things are progressing beautifully. Unexpectedly the whole current of thought is reversed. "The home's the thing!"

Ruth

By ANNABEL LAWRENCE

Price, 25 Cents

Biblical drama in 3 acts; 7 males, 3 females. Can be played by 4 males with easy double. Also bridal guests and virgins. Time, 1¾ hours. Scenes: An Oriental interior and a garden, but it may be given in any church or room, with a few palms to indicate the garden and a few curtains, the room. It could be staged on a lawn. Characters: Boaz, Elimelech, Mahlon, Chilion, Benjamin, Priest, Groomsman, Ruth, Orpha and Naomi.

SYNOPSIS

Act I.—The home in Bethlehem. Naomi is distressed because of the famine. Elimelech and family decide to flee to Moab.

Act II.—In Moab. Plans for a double wedding. Three widows. Ruth refuses to leave Naomi and accompanies her to Bethlehem.

Act III.—Home of the wealthy Boaz. Ruth gleanes in his barley fields. Marriage of Ruth and Boaz.

Complete description of costumes and detailed stage directions. Easily produced at small expense. The beautiful story of Ruth is one of the gems of literature. Church and young people's societies will appreciate this delightful version.

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Parlor Matches

By WALTER BEN HARE.

Price, 25 Cents

An engaging comedy of society, 2 acts; 4 males, 5 females. Time, 1½ hours. Scene: 1 simple interior. Characters: Vance Trelford, a professional hero, who doesn't want to be engaged. Don Radey, his cousin, a serious young man, engaged, thank you. Ferdinand Poppleton, a frivolous young man, likewise engaged. Jorkes, the butler, who may or may not be engaged. Mrs. Seltoon, who believes in engagements. Margaret Seltoon, her elder daughter, engaged to Mr. Radey. Suzanne Seltoon, her younger daughter, engaged to Mr. Poppleton. Gail Lawrence, her ward, engaging and eventually engaged. Abigail Mullen, A. B., her maid, temporarily engaged, as it were.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—A morning in June at Solitaire Villa, Dovecote. Mrs. Seltoon smooths out the course of true love. "Whoever heard of a grass widow playing a heroine in a love scene?" "Oh, it's one of the best things they do." Mrs. Seltoon seeking a man for her niece. "What is his yearly income?" The butler's opinion of a woman A. B. "Near-sighted, men's shoes, short bedrabbled skirts, last year's hat and a banner saying Votes for Women!" The new maid who is a graduate from the Splinterville Normal. The moving picture hero. "Women make me nervous. I always keep out of their way." Symptoms of hydrophobia. "I bark, bow-wow-wow!" "His father is in oil and vinegar." "Is it a new kind of a bath?" Gail announces her engagement to the moving picture hero. "He's here in town!" "Fall, O. walls, and crush me!"

Act II.—A dinner party. Ferdy decides to enlist in the army. A reconciliation. Abigail and Adrian Lee of the movies. "Those eyes, that nose, it's him?" "I've seen you propose in white flannels, in feathers, in full evening clothes, in a sailor suit, and in the garb of a monk, and every time you've won her in the end." Gail and her fiancée. That odious Mr. Trelford. Dinner is served. Vance Trelford learns that he is engaged. "I expected it all along." "Yes, I begin to think that I did it myself."

Sewing for the Heathen

By WALTER BEN HARE.

Price, 25 Cents

Entertainment for 9 ladies, either young or middle-aged. Time, 40 minutes. Can be played on any stage or platform, or even in any room. Very refined. Suitable for church or any society. Characters: Mrs. Judd, the hostess. Mrs. Chester, the president. Mrs. R. B. Powers, the stranger. Grandma Gibbs, deaf but persistent. Miss Luella Huggins, so sentimental. Mrs. Strong, a suffragist. Mrs. Meeker, gentle and good. Mrs. Day, a bride. Meely, the hired girl.

SYNOPSIS.

An anxious hostess. Meely wants to serve winny-wurst sandwiches and noodle soup. The mystery of the jardeniere. The President arrives before she is expected. "It was her hair; she hadn't got it all on yet." Red flannels for the Hottentots in the middle of Africa. A stranger in town, the rich Mrs. Powers. A trip down town. Grandma Gibbs and her ear-trumpet. The rich Mrs. Powers is mistaken for the dressmaker. The meeting of the society. A little tiff. The giddy Miss Huggins is late as usual. A present from the men. "Sewing for the Heathen."

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